

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-5-

back on the weekly trips to get it. I never was afraid, except when making the return trip. On the way home at every turn in the road, I expected to meet an army of Yankees. Eight of the eleven miles was dense timberland, and looking back on it now, I believe I was a pretty good soldier myself, for those miles seemed long ones to a child making the trip alone, even though I usually went and came in a sweeping gallop. On one of these trips my sister Fannie, about twenty years of age, later Mrs. James D. Kerr, made the trip. After leaving, several regiments of Union soldiers came by on their way to Hightown, and my mother knew that my sister would have to meet them on her way back. The hour came for her return, sundown and dark, and still she had not returned. It was a long, anxious night, and we, children that we were, at least partly realized the hours of anxious suspense that my mother was going through. At daybreak she returned. She had met the Yankee soldiers about three o'clock in the afternoon, six miles from home, at Laurel Fork. A ruffian soldier ordered her off her horse, but the officer in command (think it was Col. Geo. Washington Hull, from McDowell, Virginia) stepped forward saying, "No, Lady, stay on your horse. You shall not be harmed but we shall have to delay your return home until morning. We mean to camp near here tonight and no word must be carried back." At sundown the officer sent a guard with her to Daniel Wilfong's, three miles from home, he himself standing guard outside all night to make sure no word was sent to Confederate soldiers. At daybreak, he rejoined

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-6-

his regiment, Fannie being given permission to return home.

Union soldiers sometimes made camp at Camp Bartow. After dark quite frequently mother would take one of us out where we could see down to Camp Bartow to see if any camp fires were lighted. If so, we knew they would pass our house about eight o'clock the next morning. We would then drive the stock over to Sugar Camp Ridge, so the Yankees would not take them as they went by, brother Brown Yeager and Henry Wilfong guarding them in the mountains. Sugar cakes, syrup, meats and other provisions would be buried also. Years later jugs of syrup were found and dug up.

Mother and Fannie knitted socks for Will and Henry while in the army. Yankees were often passing through, and at one of these times we had quite a scramble in the pantry. Mother and I entered in time to see a Yankee trying to make his escape through the window with his arms full of provisions and the prized knitted socks, with Fannie clinging frantically to the socks, determined he should not have them. Those watching from outside laughed at their comrade's predicament, trying to retain the socks as well as the provisions, and yet not lose his balance on the high narrow window. Fannie was victorious in the struggle for possession of the socks.

Cousin Mag Arbogast, later Campbell, and I were visiting Aunt Matilda Nottingham who lived near Boyer. As in every war comedy and tragedy go side by side, and pranks played could easily have been turned into tragedy. We were about thirteen years old at this time. We dressed in uniform, put

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

-7-

a gun over our shoulder, and went out on the hill where we knew Dave and Jim Kerr, who were not old enough to go to the army, could see us. They spied us and, thinking we were suspicious characters, possibly Yankee spies, shouldered their guns also and started our way. We began to saunter in the direction of the house, but it was not long before we heard them cry, "Halt," which we knew to do immediately. Only a short time before one of the pickets had cried, "Halt" to Jack Slayton. Not being quite normal mentally, he became frightened and did not obey the command. I can imagine I see them carrying him by our house now.

When the heavy fighting and cannonading was being done in Richmond and other points in Virginia, we would lie flat on the ground and listen to the rumble of the cannon. Anxiously we would wait for mail to hear if our boys were in those battles and were safe.

At the close of the Civil War, Henry Arbogast Yeager was held as a prisoner-of-war at Point Lookout, Maryland, and was released, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, on June 17, 1865. The prisoners were released alphabetically, and Henry Yeager realized too late to be released under "J", as the original spelling of Yeager was with a "J", and he began calling himself "Reager" instead of Yeager. When he was finally released it was under "R" as Henry A. Reager but he took good care to sign it "Henty A. Yeager". This is true, as the photostat copy on file in Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va., original on file in War Dept., Washington, D. C., plainly shows. Their system was not as ironclad then as now.

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Chapter 4
CIVIL WAR

Captain J. W. Mathews served in the war between the states. He had always expressed a desire to be buried in a Confederate Uniform and according to his wish his body was drawn to the grave in a two-horse wagon. He was born in Pocahontas County in 1839 and at the age of 21 he enlisted as a private in Co. 125th Virginia Infantry and saw service in many of the historic battles of the Civil War. He was one of the so-called prisoner of war in Charleston S. C. been placed with a number of others, about 600 between the Federal defense and the attacking Confederates, and being exposed to the firing of this attacking army. Fortunately the danger of the prisoners was discovered in time to avert any casualties. He died in Greenbrier County in 1930.

Wednesday Oct. 10, 1934 Mathew John McNeel celebrated this nineteenth birthday at the old McNeel homestead where there has a John McNeel resided since 1768. At the age of seventeen he entered the Civil War and saw arduous and honorable service. He is the last remaining member of Captain W. L. Mcneels' Company of soldiers. -----Pocahontas Times

No where in the mountains were the Confederate States more solidly supported then in the Greenbank community in fact there was hardly a Union man found in the whole community. The first year of the war 1861, Confederate Veterans Company "G" of the Virginia 31st Regiment mustered in the service 53 all volunteers. In the second year of the war company G had 120 soldiers, all six feet tall except James Hughes and Robert Wolfenbarger, practically all from the Greenbank District. Company G. was of the famous 31st Regiment of the 4th Brigade of Stonewall Jacksons Corps and Army under the command of Robert E. Lee. The Union soldiers admitted that they could always tell when they had to confront the 31st Regiment of Stonewall's Brigade, due to the fact that the impace was always stubborn and irresistible.